

# No Tickets to the Funeral

## Redemption

Pile the bodies higher,  
climb to the top so the world can see  
The depth of your sympathy,  
worn as it is upon your sleeve  
Where's the true compassion  
in this vapid, sickly cult  
of worshiping celebrity?

There won't be any tickets to this funeral  
(The curtain is falling)  
There won't be any story in the news  
(Silenced)  
No voyeurs masquerading as mourners  
There won't be any tickets left for you  
Left for you!

Struck with my mortality  
Dazed by the reality forced upon my eyes  
Dying from the time we're born,  
but few are prepared to be told it's time  
Tell my friends I fought,  
tell my friends I struggled,  
tell my friends I gave it all I had!

There won't be any tickets to this funeral  
(The curtain is falling)  
There won't be any story in the news  
(Silenced)  
No voyeurs masquerading as mourners  
There won't be any tickets left for you  
Left for you!

A single one's a tragedy, a million a statistic,  
and now it's all come down to me  
(The funeral is about to begin!)

A single one's a tragedy, a million a statistic,  
and now it's all come down to me  
(To me)

There won't be any tickets to this funeral  
(The curtain is falling)  
There won't be any story in the news  
(Silenced)  
No voyeurs masquerading as mourners  
There won't be any tickets left for you  
Left for you! (4x)